

SELECT POETRY.

GOING HOME.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.
Kiss me when my spirit flies—
Let the beauty of your eyes
Beam along the waves of death
While I draw my parting breath,
And an home to yonder shore
Where the billows beat no more,
And the notes of endless spring
Through the groves immortal ring.

I am going home to-night,
Out of blindness out of sight,
Out of weakness, war, and pain
Into power, peace, and gain;
Out of winter, grief, and gloom
Into summer, health, and bloom;
From the wand'ring of the past
I am going home at last.

Kiss my lips and let me go—
Nearer swells the solemn flow
Of the world's stream that rolls by
By the border-land of song—
I can catch sweet strains of songs,
Floating down from distant throngs,
And can feel the touch of hands
Reaching out from angel bands.

Anger's frown and envy's threat,
Fidelity chilled by cold distrust,
Sleepless night and weary morn,
Toll in fruitless land forlorn,
Aching head and breaking heart,
Love destroyed by slander's dart,
Drifting sleep and darkened sea,
Over there will fight be.

Sing in numbers low and sweet,
Let the songs of two worlds meet—
We shall not be numbered long—
Like the fragments of a song—
Like the branches of a rift
Parted by the rock or hill,
We shall blend in tune and time,
Loving on in perfect rhyme.

When the moon-light of your days
Yields to twilight's silver haze,
Life the world recedes in space,
Heavenward lift your rapt face,
Let your dear eyes homeward shine,
Let your spirit call for mine,
And my own will answer you
From the deep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunbeam's flight
I will cleave the gloom of night,
And will guide you to the land
Where our loved ones waiting stand;
And the legends of olden days
They will welcome you to rest—
They will know you when your eyes
On the isles of glory rise.

When the parted strains of life
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And flowers that withered lay
Blossom in immortal May—
When the voices hushed and dear
Thill once more the captured ear,
We shall feel and know and see
God knew better far than we.

Town elections held in Connecticut
this week show Democratic
gains. Connecticut Senator Eaton
says, is safe for the Democracy next
year.

At the election held in Louisiana
on Tuesday, show large Democratic
gains. Now some Radical editor
will say that is the result of
bulldozing.

Anecdote of Jesse James.

Kansas City Mail.
The famous detective Pinker
ton has given the James boys the
name of being blood-thirsty
wretches, who could never be
moved from their purpose of
killing, when once they made up
their mind.

A gentleman from Clay county,
however, related one instance
to a Mail reporter, that night,
which served to show that there
was at one time, at least, a tender
spot in the heart of Jesse.

The story, as told by the gentleman,
is that, a few years ago,
a man, together with his family,
fell out over the division of the
Samuels' farm. He rented so
many acres from the old lady,
and the renter and Mrs. Samuels
furnished a beef on partnership.

When the beef was killed, they
fell out over the division of the
spoils. Each claimed the hide
and tallow. The dispute over this
waxed warm, until the man,
in a heat of passion, said to Mrs.
Samuels, "You are a d—d old
lady."

The next day, as Mrs. Samuels'
tenant was standing in the road
in front of his house, conversing
with a Mr. Chancellor, of Clay
county, a noise was heard in the
corn-field adjoining, and in a few
minutes a horse and a rider
jumped the rail fence, and Jesse
James stood in the place of the
man who had insulted his mother.

At sight of Jesse the man
turned as pale as death, and
looked as if he were about to
sink to the earth.

Riding close to him Jesse said:
"Didn't you know that I would
kill you for the language you
used toward my mother? If you
have anything to say, do so
quickly, for you have only a
short time to live."

Just at this time the wife of
the apparently doomed man came
screaming out of the house, beg-
ging Jesse not to kill her husband.
With a stern command of "get
back into the house, madam,"
Jesse told the woman to get
down with her head and hands
in her lap, and with a steady
nerve she awaited the dread
crack of Jesse's revolver which
would make her a widow.

Turning to the trembling man
before him, Jesse said: "Get
down on your knees, and ask for
your sins before I kill you."

Dropping down on his knees
in the middle of the public road,
the man offered up such a prayer
to Almighty God as was never
heard in the county of Clay.
The gentleman present, an
unwilling spectator of the affair,
said he never heard such a touching
and beautiful prayer in his
life. When the four streaming
tears on his face ceased, and he
looked up at Jesse, he said:
"The Almighty to receive his soul
and take care of his children and
wife, and to be without a father
and husband."

Took the Pills out of Him.

He was a shrewd, white-headed
old gentleman tourist, who sat
sipping a lemonade in the
Baldwin bar-room the other day
and who remarked as a self-im-
portant looking individual came
in and haughtily ordered a whisky
straight:

"Now, I suppose that gentleman
is one of your bonanza fellows,
and owns about two-thirds of the
real estate round here?"

"No," replied, "he's a much
greater personage. He is one of
the successful candidates of the
late election."

"I might have known it," ex-
claimed the old gentleman, em-
phatically. "He acts just as I did
when I was elected to Congress."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, I was elected
M. C. from the fourth district
and after the election, we had a
pretty lively campaign of it, and
as I had never been in politics
before, I somehow got the idea
that the whole country had quit
work and was watching my coal-

Every time the other side accus-
ed me of being a chicken thief or
a bigamist, or something, and I'd
get back at them with a card in
the Redville Warlock, headed,
"Another Lie Told!" I'd send
a marked copy to every leading
paper in the country."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, and I was disgusted to
find they never paid the slightest
attention to me, either. What
surprised me more was, though I
advised of everything that oc-
curred, I never got the slightest
sympathy from any of them. I
was an administration man too,
and I thought it was blamed sin-
gular."

"Did they notice you at all?"

"Not at all, sir; and when I
was elected, and the boys lighted
a bonfire in the main street, and
serenaded me, and I spoke for 6
hours in the open air as to my
future course on the tariff and
finance, The New York papers
merely said that a Mr. Gunn had
been elected by a small majority—
my name being Gouley as you
know."

"He Caught Cold."

Our associated press dispatch
yesterday morning announced
that Gen. Sheridan had caught
cold. Think of it! Sheridan has
got a cold, and (perhaps) his
handkerchief is "twenty miles
away." How the wires over-
stated the tremendous strain of
that important dispatch is matter
for scientific investigation. But
while the people of the United
States are trembling with dread
and in an unexpressed agony of
suspense, we are left in doubt as
to whether Sheridan caught his
cold with a hook and line, a seine,
or grab hooks. "If in the head,
he undoubtedly has a running at
the nose; if in the lungs, he prob-
ably coughs. The people listen
attentively, but as the earth does
not shake beneath, or the skies
thunder above, we are inclined
to believe Sheridan does not
cough. As there have been no
tomatoes for two or three days,
it is evident he does not sneeze.

Again, the dispatch does
state whether it is a hard cold or
soft cold. And until it is known
what kind of a cold Sheridan has
got, the earth and the planets
will have to stop still. We hope
they soon will have permission
to move.

Gen. Sheridan should be very
careful with his cold. He should
lock it up in a safe at night, or
he might lose it. He ought to
tie his stocking around his neck
when he goes to bed—it is good
for a cold. Catnip is good for a
cold, too.

It is supposed a Major-Gen-
eral's cold has three stars on it.
They ought to wear red flannel
drawers.

Gen. Sheridan should wear his
nightgown on his head instead of
putting them into his stomach,
then he wouldn't have colds.

What effect this cold will have
upon the next generation, re-
mains to be seen; but until it is
cured, the army will cough in
three motions.

Gen. Sheridan has got a cold.
Let us all sneeze.—Sedalia Demo-
crat.

Determined.

If the trunk manufacturers do
not quit making so many thou-
sands of valises exactly alike,
somebody is going to get into
some awful trouble. About it
conscience, and come trunk maker
will be sued for damages equal to
to build a court house.

The other day an omnibus full
of passengers drove up to town
from the Union Depot. Side by
side sat a commercial traveler,
named William Macebay and
Mrs. Winnie C. Macebay, the
eminent lady temperance lectur-
er. When the omnibus reached
the Barrett House the commer-
cial traveler seized his valise and
started out. The lady made a
grab after him and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said,
"but you have my valise."

The Printer and his Types.

Benjamin F. Taylor, the print-
er says: Perhaps there is no de-
partment of enterprise whose de-
tails are less understood by in-
telligent people than the "art
preservative," the achievement
of the types.

Every day, their life long,
people are accustomed to read
newspapers and find fault with
their statements, their arrange-
ments, their looks, to plume
themselves upon the discovery
of some rognish acrobatic type
that gets into a frolic and stands
upon its head, or some waste let-
ter or two put in; but of the pro-
cess by which the newspaper is
made or the myriad of mills and
thousands of pieces necessary to
its composition, they know little
and generally think it is a
wonder.

They imagine, then, the pro-
cess of a wonder indeed, when they
speak of a fair, white carpet for
thought to walk on, of the rage
that flared on the back of a
wonder yesterday.

But there is something more
wonderful still. When we look
at the hundred and fifty-two lit-
tle boxes, somewhat shined with
the inkly touch of the printer,
that compose the printer's case,
useless, except the click of the
type as one by one they take
their place in the growing line—
we think we have found the mar-
vel of art.

Now he picks up the scattered
elements until he holds in his
hand a stanza of "Gray's Elegy,"
or a monody upon Glines, or a
ballad upon the "Pony Express."
Now he sets, "Pony Express," and
now "Paradise Lost," he arranges
a bride in "small caps," and a son-
net in nonpareil; he announces
the languishing "live" in one
sentence—transposes the word
before the days that are few
and "evil" in the next.

A poor fellow sticks his way slow-
ly in the printer's hand, like a
clock just running down, and a
strain of eloquence marches into
the letter by letter. We fancy
we can tell the difference by
hearing, but perhaps not.

The types that told a wedding
to-day announce a burial to-mor-
row—perhaps the same letters.
They are the elements to make
a world of the types are a
world with something in it, and
beautiful as spring, as rich as
autumn flowers, frost cannot with-
er fruit that shall ripen for all
time to come.

If the following is true, the
Republican party is one of the
things of the past—the doom is
sealed. "A ballot-box has been
invented and patented which
mechanically registers and num-
bers each ballot as it is deposited.
It also rings a bell when a ticket
is received. Those who have
carefully inspected it are agreed
that repeating is impossible
without being detected. Only
with the greatest difficulty can a
fraud be successfully practiced
where this box is in use. If an
election is contested it enables
every ballot to be minutely iden-
tified."

An Oakland lady writes an in-
dignant note to a contemporary,
in which, with true rustic in-
nocence, she expresses a belief
that editors never go to heaven.
We thought that country people
knew that journalists never went
anywhere. They just sit up nights
thinking how to do good, until
the tops of their heads wear
holes through their hair.

Free labor is more produc-
tive than slave labor in the
South is proved by the statistics
of the cotton crops during the
recent decades. "The ten crops
from 1852 to 1861 aggregated 34,
985,430 bales. The 10 crops from
1870 to 1879 inclusive, comprised
41,454,732 bales. The excess to
be credited to free labor is 6,459,
303 bales.

The use of whisky for rattles-
nake bites in Texas has in-
creased so enormously during
the past year that the over-work-
ed snakes have resolved to leave
the state unless the Board of Im-
migration and Customs stop them.
They work on double time
and yet can't do half the biting
that is demanded by the con-
sumers. One snake who does
business at Port Lavaca is six
weeks behind his creditors, and
three of the clerks are sick.

MISCELLANEOUS CARDS.

Shaw House,
RICHMOND, MO.
GEO. L. WASSON, PROPRIETOR.
Located convenient to all branches
of business—south east of court house.
Rooms large and airy and well-fur-
nished. Best attention given to traveling
public. Good sample room for com-
mercial men. Tables supplied with the
best of the market. Back to back
and front trains. Charges Moderate.

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REAL ESTATE AGENT & CONVEYANCER.
RICHMOND, MO.
Has a commodious office in the south east
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GUS NIEDERMEYER'S
TONSORIAL PALACE,
Opposite the Court House,
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If you want a good shave or your hair cut,
or an elegant shampoo, GIVE US A CALL.

BARBER SHOP!
AMOS HUGHES,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,
1st Door East Hughes & Co's Bank,
RICHMOND, MO.
If you wish a FIRST-CLASS SHAVE, your
HAIR CUT, or a SHAMPOO, give Amos a
call.

RAY COUNTY
SAVINGS BANK.
Richmond, Missouri.
A. W. DONIPHAN, President
H. C. GARNER, Cashier.

J. S. HUGHES & CO.,
EXCHANGE
AND
BANKING,
RICHMOND, MO.
This bank will exchange Government, State
and County Bonds, also Gold and Silver
and Deposits received.

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MEDICINES & CHEMICALS.
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs,
Fine Soaps, Brushes, Sponges,
Perfumery, Fancy and
Toilet Articles, &c.
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
WALL PAPER
WINDOW SHADES
ETC. ETC. ETC.
Customers will find our Stock com-
plete, comprising many articles it is
difficult to carry here to enumerate, and
all sold at moderate prices.

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Carefully Compounded at all hours.

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Come and see our handsome and well
selected stock of—
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GOODS
—JUST ARRIVED AT—
PETTUS & BRO.
Dry Goods.
Boots and
Shoes 'till
You Can't
Rest.

Men's Youths'
& Boys Clothing
the Very Best.
Hats and Caps
of many styles.
Fancy & Family Groceries
to suit the times.
Buy of us and save your diners.
PETTUS & BRO.,
LAWSON, MO.

A. J. Dresler,
Merchant Tailor,
East side of the Public Square
Richmond, Mo.
Would announce to the citizens of Rich-
mond and Ray county, that he has open-
ed a Merchant Tailoring establishment
on the east side of the Public Square,
over Wm. Marshall's Boot and Shoe
Store, and is prepared to cut and make
European Clothing in the latest style
and best manner. Charges reasonable
and satisfaction guaranteed.
Goods furnished to Order.

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HARDWARE STORE.
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They are offering The
BEST SELECTED,
BEST ASSORTED,
AND CHEAPEST,

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Notions,
Shawls, Cloaks, Coats, Hosiery,
Ladies' Dress Goods, Black
and Fancy Silks, Rib-
bons, Ties,
For Elegant and Cheap Cloaks.
Go to Fowler & Ewing's.

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